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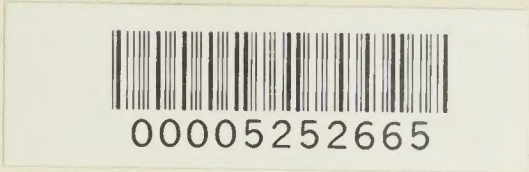
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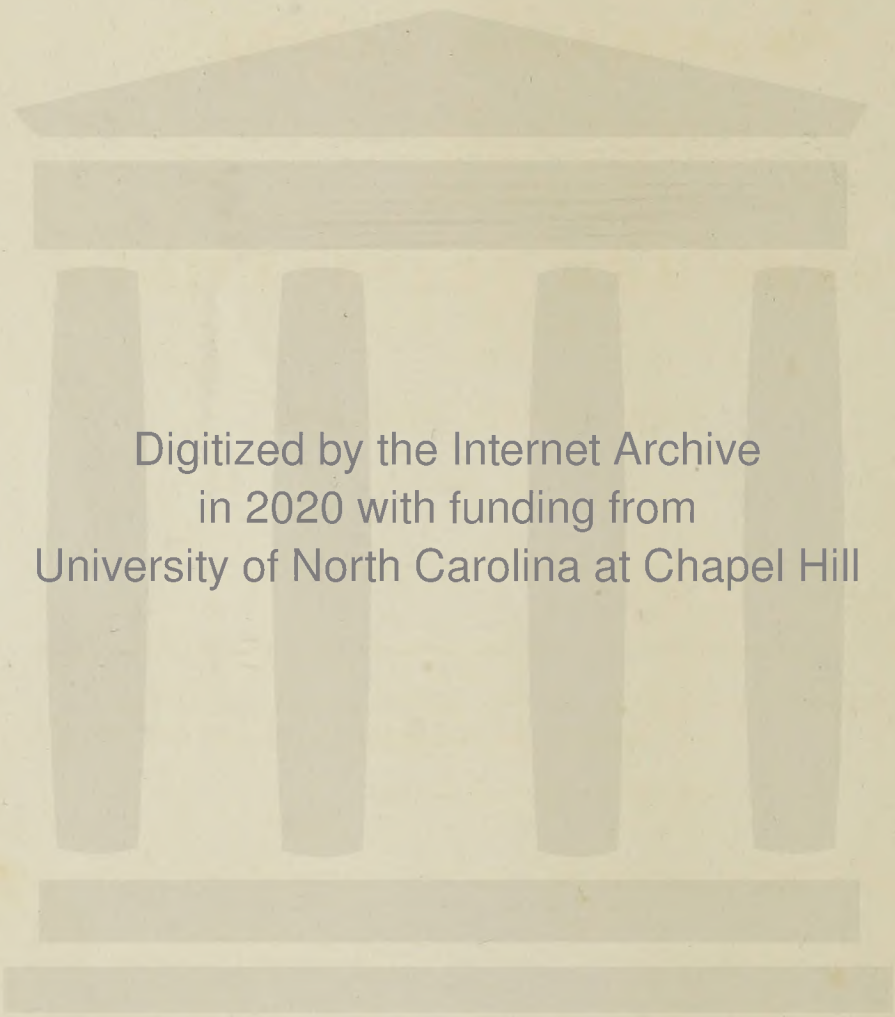
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Elizabeth Goodford

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ISABEL

FROM

The Spanish

OF

GARCILASO DE LA VEGA;

WITH OTHER

POEMS AND TRANSLATIONS

FROM

THE GREEK, ITALIAN,

&c. &c.

Graviora deinceps mediteris; hæc enim, quæ edidisti, ætati concedi possunt.
POGGIUS *Ant. Panhormitæ. Vid. Epist. Beccatelli,* IV. 79.

Nè leggano i severi i detti nostri.
TASSO.

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1805.

TO THE REVEREND

WILLIAM LORT MANSEL D. D.

MASTER OF TRINITY COLLEGE IN CAMBRIDGE

THE

POEM OF ISABEL

IS INSCRIBED

AS

A TESTIMONY OF VERY SINCERE RESPECT AND ESTEEM

BY

HIS OBLIGED SERVANT

THE AUTHOR.

ADVERTISEMENT.

The Reader is here presented with a Translation of the Poem of Garcilaso de la Vega, written on the death of Isabel de Freyre, the wife of Don Antonio de Fonseca. It is to be found in the Parnaso Español, vol. II. in the Egloga in which Salicio and Nemoroso are introduced as the speakers. By the former, Garcilaso himself is represented; by the latter, the husband of Isabel.-----Those who are desirous of obtaining information concerning the life and writings of the Spanish poet, are referred to the publication above mentioned. The following Poem was not selected as the most beautiful or most interesting of his productions: the object which chiefly presented itself to the mind of the Translator, in the version of this and many other pieces in the present work, was a desire to make himself, by such exercise, more intimately acquainted with the language of the originals.

The contents of this volume are submitted to the Public as the result of the employment of hours of relaxation from other literary pursuits. From their general nature they are

not entitled to aspire, in the words of the Italian bard, to the "suon de' nuovi inusitati accenti." They cannot claim to the author the application of the animated lines of Testi:

"Tu nascesti alle Muse; a i tuoi vagiti
I suoi canti alternò Pindo e Permesso;
E nuovi lauri al tuo natale istesso
Dell' onda Ippocrenèa nacquer su i liti."

Comp. Lirici, II. 175.

Trin. Coll. ROBERT WÀLPOLE.

The Reader will observe that Garcilaso has used the word *Elisa*, the anagram of *Isabel*; "á quien celebra con el anagramma de Elisa."—*Par. Es.*

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ISABEL,

TRANSLATED FROM THE SPANISH

OF

Garcilaso de la Vega.

Ahi, questo d' Imeneo frutto si coglie?

* * * * *

Piangono ancor le giovanette spose
E temendo simil cruda sciagura
Al talamo nuzial vanno ritrose.

FRUGONI. See note, p. 7.

ISABEL.

FROM THE SPANISH.

" Ita n'è Beatrice in alto cielo,
Nel reame ove gli Angeli hanno pace."

DANTE.

* YE crystal floods, that lave
With gently murmuring wave
These banks, where Spring its earliest sweets exhales;
Ye lofty shades, that show
Within the stream below
Your broad boughs bending to the whispering gales;

Ye verdant plains and groves,
That Melancholy loves,
Where pours the bird of night her softest lays;
Ah scenes that ever dear
To Memory still appear,
For still they paint the joys of former days!

* "Corrientes aguas, puras, cristallinas," &c.

And here, when Life first smil'd,
Did Hope, sweet Fancy's child,
Bid the blythe hours in circling rapture roll;
But thou, fell Grave, at last
Hast torn with withering blast
Each wreath that Joy had twin'd around my soul.

O that thy ruthless power
Had in some future hour,
Some later time, pronounc'd her fatal doom!
Perchance with age opprest
I then had sunk to rest,
Then follow'd thee, Eliza, to thy tomb.

And is all fled, like dreams
That fade before Morn's beams?
In vain these eyes each grace, each charm require,
That once thy form around
With youth and beauty crown'd,
Awak'd pure love, and kindled young desire.

No more thy lips disclose
Sweets of the opening rose,
No more thy dark locks float upon the wind;
And in the grave below
Cold lies that breast of snow,
Which Virtue chasten'd, and which Taste refin'd.

* Ah, who would e'er have deem'd,
When late gay Fancy beam'd,
And bade her pencil's brightest colours glow,
That soon athwart the skies
The murky storm should rise,
That soon the sable tide of grief should flow?

And now that thou art laid
Beneath yon cypress shade,
O'er Nature's face what lowering glooms appear;
† Fade all the herbs and flowers
That deck'd these verdant bowers;
Fade all the honours of the purple year.

* "Quien me dixera, Elisa, vida mia," &c.

† "El' erbe, e i fior lasciar nude le piagge
Nè più di fronde il bosco si cosperse."

PIETRO BEMBO.

As when the Sun has fled
Unto his western bed,
And shadowy phantoms through the night arise,
Affright and Terror pale
The sinking heart assail,
Till the glad dawn beam forth, and gild the orient skies;

So since to Heaven upborne
Thou'st left me here to mourn,
One long drear night of woe my soul dismays;—
O that it soon may fly,
And that blest day be nigh,
In which on thee again I may securely gaze!

And as with plaintive strains
Lone Philomel complains,
And pours her sorrows on the Night's dull ear,
When from the secret wood,
Where slept the callow brood,
Some ruthless swain has torn her offspring dear;

So to thy memory flow
These tears of endless woe,
And burning sighs my anguish'd bosom swell,
Since Death's relentless power
Tore thee, in evil hour,
From this fond heart, where thou didst ever dwell.

How oft I turn to view
This lock of auburn hue,
Once wont to shade and grace thy breast of snow!
At sight of pledge so dear
How starts the trembling tear!
Yet does the trembling tear some sad relief bestow.

How oft to Fancy's eyes
Does that dread hour arise,
That fatal hour that saw thy yielding breath!
E'en still to Fancy flows
Each sound of madd'ning throes,
And agonizing pangs that spoke impending death *.

* The death of Isabel de Freyre was occasioned by child-birth. The Poet in the next stanza addresses Diana, who, under the name of Lucina, presided over parturition.

MISCELLANEOUS TRANSLATIONS.

Mentre ch' Amor con dilettoso inganno
Nudria il mio cor nelle speranze prime,
La mente, con pietose e dolci rime,
Mostrar cercava al mondo il nostro affanno.

SANNAZZARO, Com. Lirici, III. 187.

MISCELLANEOUS.

" Io gli occhi a te rivolto,
E nel tuo vezzosetto e lieto viso
Dolcemente m' affiso."

TASSO, Comp. Lirici, I. 172.

And dost thou ask why still so frequent flow
These sighs for thee, for thee whom Nature blest
With every charm? Does not the mountain snow
With the fair lily heave upon thy breast?
Does not the rose shed o'er thy cheeks and lips
Its hues? and has not Ocean placed his pearls
Within those lips? Does not thy breath inhale
Fragrance from every herb and flower that sips
The morning dew? — Upon the passing gale
Wanton the tresses of thy golden curls,
Dipt in the Sun's first rays; while from thine eyes
The Star of Eve its chasten'd lustre throws.—
For these thy charms I sigh; — but more I prize
The heart that, true to Love, with Love's fond raptures glows.

FROM THE GERMAN.

GESNER.

* Hail, Morning, to thy rising beam,
That gilds with light the mountain's brow,
And shines and glitters in the stream
That winds along the vale below!

Joy, and health, and glad delight,
Await thy steps, thy march pursue;—
The Zephyr now that slept the night
In flowers that weep beneath the dew,

His plumes with new-born vigour tries,
And lifts him from his balmy bed;—
And dreams, that round the wearied eyes
Of mortals hover'd, now are fled.

* See the Poem entitled "Morgenlied," in Gesner's Schriften, vol. II. p. 169. "Willkommen, früher Morgenglanz."

Haste, ye Gales, and through the air
 Waft the sweets from every flower,
And wave your wings around my Fair,
 Who slumbers in yon rosy bower;

Pant o'er her lip and cheek's bright hues,
 And heave upon her heaving breast;
And when ye 've chas'd Sleep's balmy dews,
 And gently burst the bonds of rest,

Oh whisper to her listening ear,
 That ere bright Morn had deck'd the sky,
These streams beheld me shed the tear,
 And heard me pour for her the sigh!

FROM THE SPANISH.

GARCILASO DE LA VEGA.*

" Ætas, et corpus tenerum et morigeratio,
Hæc sunt venena formosarum mulierum."

AFRANIUS.

Now the chaste lily, blended with the rose,
O'er thy warm cheek its softening lustre sheds;
And now each tress in golden ringlets flows
Down thy fair neck, and o'er thy bosom spreads:
Now heaves that bosom in luxuriance high;
Now beam the thrilling glances from thine eye.
O heed the moment! pluck the flower of love
Or ere it fade and wither in the blast!
Mark through the glass of Time the swift sands move,
And Age o'er all its darkening mantle cast.
And when that eye is dimm'd, and wintry snow
Whitens those clust'ring locks—ah! then no more
Will Youths to thee their sighs of passion pour,
Nor e'er a second Spring thy faded beauty know.

* " En tanto que de rosa y de azusena."

FROM THE ITALIAN.

ARIOSTO.

Still let them deem, who will, that Time's cold hand *
Must break those ties which round the youthful breast
Fond Love had twin'd in many a tender band,
When Life first dawn'd in Hope's bright colours drest.
For me, I care not whether Age severe
Bid o'er my brows the silvery tresses flow;
Still with Love's thrilling notes my lyre shall glow,
Still hymn the lays to love and Laura dear.—
So may each minute of Life's evening hour
Glide on with silent foot: and when no more
My soul can taste the joys it knew before,—
When all the vision'd day-dreams of delight,
Which Fancy erst had wove, have wing'd their flight,—
I'll bow my willing head to Fate's almighty power.

* "Pensi, chi vuol, ch'el tempo i lacci scioglia."
ARIOSTO, Ele. xv

"And oft it falls (ah me, the more to rue!)
That goodly beauty, albe' heavenly born,
Is foul abus'd, and that celestial hue,
Which doth the world with her delight adorn,
Made but the bait of sin."

SPENSER's *Hymn to Beauty.*

Turn, Lady!—heed no more those sighs that flow
To wind in soft seduction round thy breast;
Hush the wild throbs that bid thy bosom glow:
Hush them!—or farewell innocence and rest.
The spotless Maid is like the Rose that blooms *
Untouch'd, unsullied in its native bed;
The pearly dews of morn, the soft perfumes
Of western gales their balmy influence shed;
While with delight each youth and damsel views
The opening flower to heaven expand its hues.
But oh! once cull'd, no breeze around it plays,
No youths, no damsels gaze with wistful eyes;
Low droops its head, its blushing pride decays,
Fades the bright bloom, and all its fragrance dies.

* See the beautiful lines in the Carmen Nuptiale of Catullus, and in Ariosto, lib. i.

FROM THE SPANISH.

FRANCISCO DE FIGUEROA.

Still through the day's slow lingering hours*
With unavailing anguish flow
These burning sighs, these endless showers,
That speak my tortur'd bosom's woe.

And when the pearly car of Eve
In silver radiance rides on high,
Still does my breast with sorrow heave,
Still starts the tear-drop in mine eye.

Or should I lay me down at night,
To woo the balmy power of sleep;
Thy vision swims before my sight,
And e'en in dreams for thee I weep.

* "Paso en fiero dolor llorando el dia."

And when the golden morn appears,
 And blushes in th' ethereal plain,
It finds my eyes still bath'd in tears,
 Still weeping for thy cold disdain.

FROM THE GERMAN.

KLEIST.

YES—she is gone!—her sorrowing way
To distant scenes she now pursues;—
'Twas here upon the parting day
She sigh'd, and wept her last adieus.

O thou, who through the silent air
Dost sail on fragrant pinion by,
Say, Zephyr, hast thou seen my fair?
And dost thou waft to me her sigh?

And ye, clear streams, as on ye flow,
From me the lovely maiden greet;
And murmuring, whisper all my woe
Whene'er your waters kiss her feet.

* See, in the Works of Kleist, vol. I. p. 74, the Idyll beginning "Sie flichet fort!"

O say that since she sped her flight
From these sad scenes, so gay before,
Nature is robed in saddest night,
And wears her wonted charms no more.

Oh where does she delight to stray?
What plains with her lov'd presence smile?
Where does the dance her limbs display?
Where does her voice the hours beguile?

Where is the wave whose glassy stream
Reflects the beauties of my fair,
Her bosom's swell, her eye's bright beam,
Her tresses floating on the air?

Oh, let me once again but sip
The nectar which her kiss bestows,
While hovering, breathing on my lip,
My soul in speechless rapture glows,—

Then to her yielding bosom prest,
 There pour the faint the murmuring sigh!—
Oh, Fortune, grant this fond request,
 And then I bow my head to die!

FROM THE FRENCH.

PARNY.

Say, Laura,—wilt thou haste with me away,
And quit these scenes, where anxious hopes and fears
Shadow with sorrow's hues the livelong day,
And bid us waste each night in sighs and tears?

Not far, there lies an isle, whose beetling coast
Old Ocean circles with his billowy arms;
There breathe all sweets the circling year can boast;
There Flora smiles, array'd in all her charms *.

O'er the gay meads the murmuring rivulet flows,
Where flaunting roses with ananas bloom;
With balmy airs the sky attemper'd glows,
And whispering Zephyrs waft their soft perfume.

* "Ride Natura in giovenil sembianza,
Zefiro spira per continua usanza," &c.
TASSO.

Say—darts thine eye its liquid glance of fire?—
Heaves thy warm bosom to the sighs of Love?—
Glows o'er thy cheek the blush of young Desire?—
In vain!—for Age and Wisdom *here* reprove.

But *there*, with pleasure crown'd, and wing'd with joy,
The dancing hours their rapid flight shall roll;
Gay dreams of future bliss our thoughts employ,
And bathe in deep delight th' entranced soul.

Haste then, my fair!—still sleep and tranquil night
Hold o'er the earth their undisputed reign;
And see! the star of Venus lifts her light,
And shines reflected in the watery plain.

Enchain'd by Eolus, no boisterous gales
Shall thwart our voyage by their sullen force;
Soft prosp'ring winds have spread our swelling sails,
And Love himself appears, to guide us on our course!

FROM THE SICILIAN.

MELI.

Ye shadowy forms!—Night's offspring!—ye that wreathe
Your darkening horrors round these forests deep,
And in these caves your silent dwelling keep;
O that I here, amid your glooms, might breathe
Th' expiring sigh!—and when the guilty maid
Shall wander where my lowly tomb is laid,
O say that here "life's fitful fever o'er,"
He, whom her scorn hath kill'd, now finds repose.—
Haply across her cheek some tear may steal;
Yet deem not that the tear from Pity flows;
For Pity sure that breast can never feel:
Her eyes will weep, because there lives no more
One who for her with hopeless flames will burn,
And mourn with fruitless sighs, and love without return.

The Reader will not fail to observe the resemblance between part of the Sonnet of Meli, and of the fourteenth canzone of Petrarch. The original Sicilian will be seen at the end of the volume, which I have transcribed from a copy of the Poems of Meli, furnished to me by the kindness of the Rev. G. Butler, of Sidney College, Cambridge.

FROM THE GREEK.

O WOULD that I were some soft gale
Which fans with perfum'd wing the air,
That from thy lips I might inhale
Each balmy sweet that lingers there,
And drink thy fragrant sighs!

And would that I were yon red rose,
In vernal pride and radiance drest,
That, cull'd by thee, my lively glows
Might grace awhile, my fair, thy breast,
And veil its snowy charms!

This and the following Translations and Imitations are from the Greek Anthologia, and have already appeared in print. Some of the originals were selected to be placed here; but it was my wish to have inserted all of them, had I not been prevented, by want of time, from examining again that numerous collection.

FROM THE GREEK.

Dear is the blush of vernal morn
To him who plows the watery deep,
And, o'er the darkling surges borne,
Marks the storm's infuriate sweep :—

Dear is the limpid stream to him
Who journeys on his toilsome way,
And feels each slacken'd nerve and limb
Faint beneath the solar ray :—

But dearer far, when thy blest power,
Love, two souls in bliss has bound;
Gladly flows each festive hour
With rapture new for ever crown'd.

FROM THE GREEK.

AGAIN upon the wings of night
It stole my slumb'ring senses o'er;
That dream that brought my soul's delight,
Whom oft I clasp'd in sleep before.
Yet no soft dream, I swear, like this,
So bath'd my soul in perfect bliss;
 For, oh! such lovely hues bestowing
 Fancy ne'er in colours glowing
Drew thee, my fair, in all thy charms
Imparadis'd in these fond arms:—

"Stay thy fiery steeds, oh stay,"
I cried, "thou envious God of day!"
Vain the prayer; and with the night
Fled each vision of delight.
Yet oft I thank thee, God of love,
That e'en in dreams such bliss I prove;
That thus I feel my gladden'd soul
Burn with desire that mocks controul,
Whene'er in sleep my fancy warm
Pictures, my fair, thy radiant form,
And glowing through each thrilling vein
Fires my love-bewilder'd brain.

FROM THE SPANISH.

LOPE DE VEGA.

Still must I feel my soul distrest,
Still rack'd with jealous fear;—
Though sleep death's image be confest,
Yet dreams, I'm sure, have oft exprest
The things that on life's stage appear.

I thought I saw thee yield thy charms,
When last I sunk to rest,
To some blest rival's happier arms,
And saw thee glow with love's alarms,
While maddening passion fired my breast.

Too like, alas! to dreams I find
The joy and bliss I know;
Yet dreams themselves ne'er leave behind
Or joy or bliss to cheer my mind,
Or bid my heart its griefs forego.

Imitated from the first part of the verses in the Arcadia of Lope de Vega, which begin "O burlas de Amor ingrato."

FROM THE GREEK.

Once I know, in maddening hour,
I own'd your beauty's magic power,
And prais'd those eyes of liquid blue,
Those lips which shamed the morning's hue,
The golden locks whose wavy flow
Shaded those rising hills of snow.
You each ardent wish repress'd;
 You continued still reproving:
 Still I wooed and still was loving,
Still to you the sigh address'd.

Now, alas! what changes rise!
Mark, each grace, each beauty flies!
Time, your cruel foe, at last
Grants me vengeance for the past;
Youth no more that eye illumes;
Age has brought its joyless glooms.
Cease! those lures to spread forbear!
Vain that studied dress and care.
Others tempt: I'm not of those
Who seek the thorn, and leave the rose.

FROM THE GREEK.

Yes, still for thee my heart will beat,
Still throb with love's alarms:
Still glows my passion's earliest heat
For thee and all thy charms.

What though some years have now flown by
Since first I sigh'd for thee,
I still for thee will heave the sigh,
And swear none loves like me.

Years have not dared that eye to dim
Which beams its wonted fires;
Each shape, each feature, and each limb
Its wonted grace respires.

The roses on thy lips are still,
And still with nectar-dew
Thy kisses fraught my bosom thrill,
And each fond wish renew.

If now, thy life's meridian gone,
Such beauty still be thine,
O guess, when its first morning shone,
What joy and love were mine!

FROM THE GREEK.

O BID those golden tresses flow
Unbraided down thy neck of snow,
Nor dare to mar the lovely glow
 Thy vermeil cheeks adorning.

What need of art? Those eyes of blue,
Those lips like roses bath'd in dew,
And all the host of charms I view,
 Small aid from Art require.

And mark the flowers in yonder vale,
That fling their fragrance to the gale,
And each perfume and scent exhale,
 Wooing the gentle Zephyr.——

How lovelier far those hues so bright
That deck thy form in beauty's light,
That form which haunts from dawn to night
 My mind in Fancy's visions!

Thy girdle, Queen of soft desire,
Say—could it wake such pleasing fire;
Such joy, such hope, and love inspire,
As thrill this beating bosom?

Ah no!—thy power were nought to this:
That lip which prompts the glowing kiss,
That voice which whispers future bliss,
Outvie thy girdle's magic.

For these my blood runs mantling high,
And quickening spirits glad mine eye;
For these oft bursts th' unbidden sigh,
Oft glows the thought enamour'd.

Yet no despondent murmurs rise,
While hope in those love-beaming eyes,
Couch'd in soft slumber, smiling lies,
Each anxious moment cheering.

FROM THE GREEK.

O SAY, what mean those frequent sighs?
Why heaves, my fair, thy sorrowing breast?
Why on each lovely feature rest
Dark clouds of grief, and dim those eyes
With showers of sorrow streaming?

O tell me all!—To soothe thy mind,
Friendship its aid shall soon impart,
Bid joy again illume thy heart,
With balmy hands thy wounds shall bind,
Each dimpled smile recalling.

Say, do I ken aright?—The youth
Who oft, caressing and caress'd,
Upon thy lips the kiss impress'd,
And swore the vows of love and truth,
The sigh impassion'd heaving, . . .

Say, hast thou seen his circling arms,
While rapture bade his bosom glow,
And joy's high current maddening flow,
Clasp to his heart some fair one's charms,
Thy long-lov'd form unheeding?

No answer?.... Yet too well I guess
Thy grief; and well thy eyes reveal
And tell, what thou wouldst fain conceal,
What jealous pangs thy heart oppress,
Each tortur'd sense inflaming.

FROM THE GREEK.



Still I mark those scornful eyes;
Each fond wish you still reprove;
Yet that throbbing breast, those sighs,
Tears, and looks, too well reveal
What you feel,
Though you still deny you love.

Hear, O God of young desires!
Your dread shafts oh bid her prove!
Bid her glow with all your fires,
Till her lips this truth reveal,—
"Now I feel,
Now I know what 'tis to love!"

FROM THE GREEK.

ON A PICTURE OF SAPPHO.

Yes, sure 'twas Nature's self who drew
That mien, those features which I view,
 Who thus pourtrayed the Lesbian's form!
I mark her eyes, that seem to rove
Full-fraught with fancy and with love,
 And sparkling, glow with passion warm:—
I mark around her shape and air
What graces play and hover there:—
 How well the pencil's power has traced
The genius of the heaven-born Muse,
And all the charms and roseate hues
 That e'er the Queen of beauty graced!

"Mutat via longa puellas."
PROP.

YES, while I linger far away,
Remembrance oft shall soothe my mind,
And paint with glowing hues the day
When first I saw thee fair and kind.

How oft I'll think upon that hour,
When first thy looks and eyes confest
Each secret wish, and own'd Love's power
Had fann'd the flame within thy breast!

Yet, once before we part, once more
From thy ripe lips one kiss bestow,
And bid me feel, as oft before,
My heart with kindling rapture glow.

And O forgive the jealous fear,
While far away from thee I rove,
And anxious pour the bitter tear,
And think on all our former love;

Let no fond youth with siren strain
Entice and lure thy heart from me;
And nought, I swear, shall break the chain
Which binds my willing soul to thee!

Then give again that kiss, my fair,
Affection's surest tenderest seal,
And I will chase each rising care,
And hush each jealous doubt I feel.

FROM THE ITALIAN.

As, Venus, late you miss'd your boy,
And anxious sought where he had stray'd,
" One kiss," you cried, I'll give with joy
To him who knows where Cupid's laid."

Give me the kiss;—for see he lies
In the dark heaven of Rosa's eyes;
Or bid my Rosa's lips bestow
The kiss, and yours I will forego.

THE ZEPHYR.

Fraught with the nectar'd sweets of early spring,
Mark where the Zephyr speeds his destin'd way,
And seeks, upborne aloft on balmy wing,
Each flower that glitters in the morning's ray.
Onward he hastes; and views, with glad delight,
Where, gemm'd with dew, the blushing roses bloom;
There lingering, checks awhile his eager flight,
And sighing he inhales the soft perfume.—
Still as he flies, the fragrance which he sips
He breathes around, and scatters through the air;
Till fix'd at length, he rests on Julia's lips,
And, mingling with each tender accent there,
Sighs with the sigh which from her bosom flows,
And scents with balmy dew the kisses she bestows.

FROM THE ITALIAN.

PETRARCH.*

Tu, qui lapillis leniter obstrepens,
Hos, rive, campos fontibus irrigas;
Lymphæ loquaces, queis calore
Fessa fovet sua membra Laura;

Dulces recessus, queis volucrum melos,
Auræ Favoni queis teneræ vigent;
Vosque arborum lenes susurri
Murmur aquæ prope defluentis,

Lacusque et herbæ, vos quoque roscidi
Flores, et omnis copia narium, . . .
Audite, quos vates supremo
Triste gemens ciet ore questus.

Vos rite testor, vos quia conscia
Nostri doloris;—scilicet hic mihi
Me surpuit primum puella;
Hic docui resonare lucum

* From the canzone beginning
"Chiare, fresche, e dolci acque."

Tristes querelas: o, utinam mihi,
Cum mortis almus composuit sopor,
Contingat, ut molli sub umbra
Hic cineres tegat urna nostros!

Mox ipsa gressus diriget huc suos
Laura, et silenti dum pede præterit,
Heu debita sparget favillam
Lacrymula juvenis sepulti.

Si ab amicorum arbitrio res staret, carmina quædam Græce conscripta, quæ publici juris modo facta sunt, una cum prolusionibus nonnullis, quas, dum Academiæ degerem, chartulis meis illeveram, iterum prelo subjicerentur. Hoc autem ne fiat, plurima in causa sunt. Ut iis, quibus aurium judicium superbissimum, ex omni parte satisfactum sit, nihil in lucem proferri debeat, nisi quod sæpe sub acumen styli subierit; nihil nisi quod sæpe incudi redditum, summaque industria elaboratum fuerit. Jam vero, quantum temporis sibi in rebus humanis voluptas, desidia, nugæ, ineptiæque, et alia, quibus ingenii mentisque acies hebescit, vindicare soleant, referre piget. Præterea, quantum otii mihi adsit, id omne in opere ad umbilicum perducendo, quod e re litteraria, uti spero, magis crit, impendere statui. Denique, quis non Dawesii verborum meminit, quibus sententiam de Græca Miltoniani loci versione sua ingenue admodum exposuit? "Hanc solæcismis scatere comperi; quod infortunium in cæteros itidem quosque, qui a seculis recentioribus Græce scribere tentarunt, cadere dicendum est."

From the Poesie Siciliane dell' Abate Meli.

Umbri, figghi a la Notti, chi abitannu
Stati 'ntra Grutti, ed orridi Foresti,
Deh! chi l'estremu miu Spiritu resti
A chianciri cu vui lu propriu dannu;
Si mai ccà junci, accasu caminanu,
Chidda, chi l'alma di Riguri vesti,
In flebili lamenti, e vuci mesti
Diciticci; muriu, muriu d'affannu.
D'un 'inutili lagrima si forsi
Bagna la fridda cinniri, 'un spirati,
Chi sia cumpassioni di cui morsi.
E'strania 'ntra ddu cori la pietati;
E si chianci, n'e causa, chi s'accorsi,
Chi mortu iu, nun c' è chiù, cui pr' Idda pati.